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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

(TRADE MARK.)

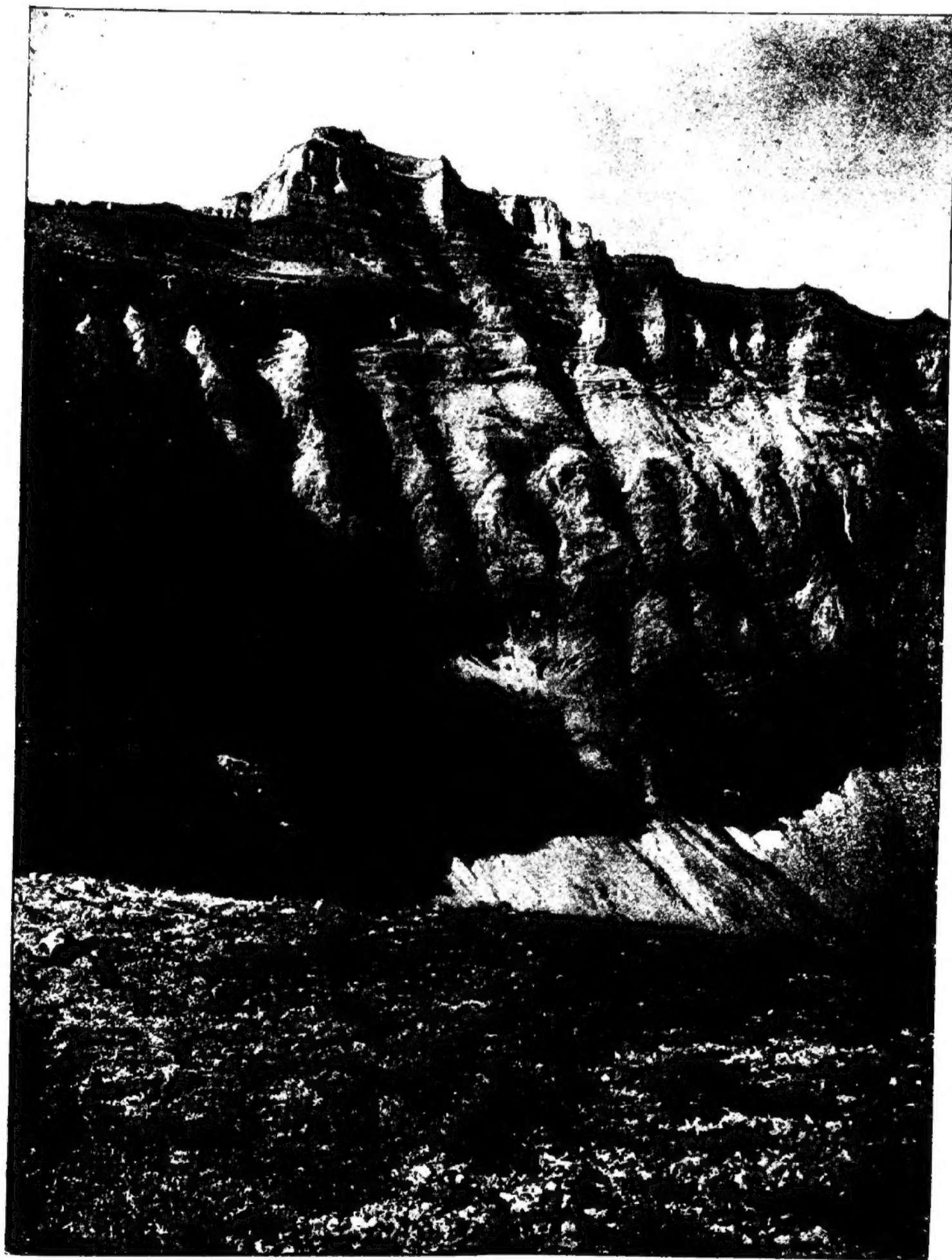
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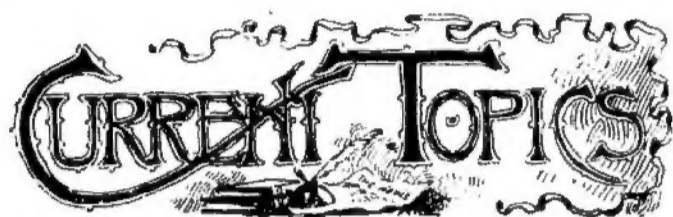
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In an interesting notice of Ingersoll, the *Toronto Globe* claims for that place the distinction of being the cheese capital of Western Ontario. Situated on the Thames river and having abundant water power as well from that source as from the small lakes that encircle it, Ingersoll's progress has been in several ways gratifying. In part it owed its early success to the lumber trade. More than thirty years ago it received a healthy impulse from the establishment of an agricultural implement foundry—that of the Noxon Brothers. But it was to the cheese factory system, of which it became the recognized centre in its own section of country, that it was indebted for its marked industrial development. The movement began about twenty-five years ago. Last year the cheese exported was represented by some \$9,000,000. Of this trade most of the buying and storage of its district is done at Ingersoll, where there is also a weekly market during the season.

But Ingersoll is not the only point where the expansion of our cheese manufacture may be seen to advantage. In Central and Eastern Ontario, in the Eastern Townships and other parts of this province, in the Maritime Provinces, and in the Northwest, the dairy industry has had a fruitful awakening, which it is to be hoped will be, ere long, as productive for butter as for cheese. But it is probably in the great ranching areas of Assiniboia and Alberta that dairy farming will in the future yield the grandest returns. There are natural features which point to that vast region as the chosen field for Canadian butter and cheese making in the years to come. The native grasses are exceptionally bounteous and nutritive; noxious weeds, elsewhere the farmer's plague, are almost wholly absent; the summer temperature is cooled by mountain breezes, and spring water of the purest and most refreshing quality is among generous nature's most welcome boons. With these and other advantages the growth of an extensive dairy business in those favoured provinces is only a matter of time.

There are many wise sayings (with some not so wise) in Miss Frances E. Willard's annual address, as president of the W.C.T.U. "When at Grinnell, Iowa," she writes, "that awful cyclone came, some good fellow said: 'You ought to be thankful that your meeting came the week before;' but something in my soul queried: 'Why should I escape, and others so much better than I crushed and mangled out of recognition?' * * * I decline to believe myself a favourite of Heaven." The rebuke (for such it is) ought to come home to thousands who think themselves exceptionally good, exceptionally favoured from above. It is a spurious piety that sees a providential dispensation in a

catastrophe to which scores or hundreds of human beings fall victims because some family or individual happened to escape or evade the peril. Those who interpret Heaven's designs by such a rule only betray their own selfishness and inhumanity. In the presence of disasters like that of Johnstown or the wreck of the Armagh-Newry train, with its living freight, we recognize the odiousness of such theories of providence. One is taken and the other left, but surely not because the survivor is more worthy than the victim.

A fresh complication has been added to the race and religious controversy in New England, in the form of a jealous rivalry between the Irish and the French-Canadian elements in the Roman Catholic dioceses. Of the entire population of New England, 4,010,529, the Catholics number 956,000. The foreign born population is 794,612. The French-Canadian Catholics are set down at 326,000, and the remainder, it may be presumed, are mainly of Irish birth or descent. If the two races, French and Irish, were equally distributed through the six states, there would be little room for disagreement, as the Irish are plainly in a majority. But it so happens that nearly one-half of the whole French-Canadian population is settled in Massachusetts, and the consequence is that in the archdiocese of Springfield the French-Canadian element has a decided numerical preponderance. Some years ago, when they were less strong, it was with difficulty that they succeeded in securing certain privileges, such as clergy speaking their own language, and the result was widespread discontent. Having the mastery now, they are in a position to urge their claims with force and effect, and it is this growing influence that the Irish of Massachusetts are inclined to resent. At the present moment the division in the ranks of the Roman Catholic population is peculiarly inopportune in view of the agitation on the school question. The subject will be discussed from all points of view at the approaching convention to which we have already referred.

The Behring Sea dispute, which concerns Eastern Canada in a general and remote way, is of real and urgent importance to our fellow-citizens on the Pacific coast. The claims of the United States are not the less embarrassing from being put forward in a vague and covert manner, which implies a sort of menace in case they should be disregarded. It is, indeed, the doubt of their own position which has been insinuated into the minds of our Pacific coast fishermen through lack of straightforwardness on the part of the Washington authorities that does them most grievous injury in the prosecution of their industries. The President and his Cabinet do not come out boldly and assert their exclusive sovereignty over the waters of Behrings Sea, but they make dark speeches and circulate documents that seem to take their right to such monopoly for granted. There is not a power in either hemisphere that would more promptly or more obstinately refuse to acknowledge so unreasonable a claim, if preferred by another Government, than the United States. It is, in fact, on record that, when Russia, which was, as owning territory on both coasts, in a different position from that which the Americans now occupy, attempted to enforce the principle of a *mare clausum* in the narrow northern portion of the Pacific, our neighbours pronounced an immediate and unqualified veto. It is a pity that England should allow the question to remain so long in suspense. The sealing season has been allowed to approach without any definite settlement

and we cannot be surprised at the indignant protests of the British Columbian press.

The *Victoria Colonist* makes a proposal which, it seems to us, is, under the circumstances, as reasonable as any plan that could be devised for an amicable understanding. Our contemporary recognizes the justice of the President's plea for the protection of the fur seals from indiscriminate slaughter. "It would be a very great misfortune," it says, "if those valuable animals were by reckless hunting to be completely destroyed." But at the same time the *Colonist* thinks that "some means of preserving them may be found other than that of setting up an inequitable and untenable claim." Then, after deploring the rupture of the negotiations begun by Secretary Bayard, it suggests that they should be renewed. "It would not," in the *Colonist's* opinion, "be difficult to frame regulations which, while they acknowledge the right of men of all nations to fish and hunt on the high seas in that part of the Pacific, would forbid the hunting of seals during a certain season. No one wants to interfere with the lawful jurisdiction of the United States in the Alaskan or any other waters." But other nations also have rights, and by sweepingly exclusive prohibitions to attempt to prevent their exercise is a proceeding which cannot be tolerated. The question is one for international regulation, and the longer a good understanding is deferred the more complicated and dangerous it becomes.

A feature in our progress which, for more reasons than one, is to us of peculiar interest, is the increased attention that has for some years past been devoted to our history. The number of students who are engaged on special lines of historic research is larger than ever before, and some of their investigations have proved remarkably fruitful. Mr. Lareau has written the history of Canadian Law; Mr. Read has compiled the Lives of the Chief Justices; Mr. Sulte never grows weary in shedding light on the growth of our population and the settlement of the country; Dr. Dionne finds hidden treasures of knowledge in obscure corners; Mr. Bues traces our great rivers to their sources and fills his chart with stories from the past; Major Huguet-Latour describes the organization of our parishes from the pioneer years of the 17th century; Mr. J. M. Le Moine, who has enriched us with gathered lore, is as indefatigable as ever in the cultivation of his chosen field; Dr. Stewart and Rev. Dr. Bryce show what Canada's share has been in the civilization of this continent; Mr. Cruikshank elicits fresh facts for the illustration of our glorious battlefields; Mr. Roy brings out Canada's connection with the heroic orders of mediæval knighthood; Mr. Hart relates, with fuller knowledge, the Fall of New France; Mr. L. R. Masson revives the memory of the Northwest Company and its valiant explorers; Messrs. Jodoin and Vincent preserve from oblivion what is left of the records of the Le Moines—a roll of honour of two centuries and a half. And this is but a tithe of the work that is being done in this domain of historic literature. Time and space would fail us if we attempted to mention the works which bear the honored names of Chauveau, Casgrain, Verreau, Tanguay, Rousseau, Marchand, Desmazures, and many others in this province, not to speak of their fellow inquirers in the Maritime Provinces, Ontario and the Northwest. Nor, in the distribution of credit, would the least share fall to Mr. Brymner, of the Archives Department, who has been the able and willing helper of them all.

Just a word is, however, especially due to an enterprise which was ventured upon in this city last January. When the Society for Historical Studies was formed a few years ago by a few earnest students it was felt that the objects in view would be promoted by some kind of periodical publication. The subject was often discussed, but nothing definite was done till Mr. W. J. White, one of the founders, and now vice-president, of the society, volunteered to assume the entire responsibility of publisher and editor. The result was the issue in January last of the first number of *Canadiana*, and the June number now before us completes its first six months of useful life. The magazine is now firmly established. As a medium of communication between historical students in different parts of the Dominion it has had a hearty welcome and generous support. The roll of contributors comprises the names of Messrs. Le Moine, Brymner, Hart, Edwards, Mott, Chipman, Lesperance, Reade, Horn, Cruikshanks, the Rev. Father Jones, S.J., Mr. W. D. Lighthall, Mr. Holt, Mr. White, Mr. Jonas Howe, Secretary of the New Brunswick Historical Society, and several others. The contributions are mainly in the form of short notes on obscure, curious or controverted points, though some longer articles are occasionally admitted. A record of the proceedings of historical societies, reviews of new books, a column of queries and replies, and other features, are also contained in each number. We congratulate Mr. White and the historical students who have co-operated with him on the success of *Canadiana*, and hope that ere long the support given to the undertaking will enable the publisher and editor to carry out his desire of enlarging the magazine.

We would add a word on our own behalf. While the illustration of the Dominion, as it is to-day, its scenery, its resources, its eminent men, its industries, great public works and local improvements, is naturally suggested by the name of this journal, it is by no means implied that our eventful past has no place in its comprehensive scope. It is, indeed, impossible to draw a line between what is of to-day or this year and what is of yesterday or the years gone by. Many of our illustrations depict historic scenes; much of our letter-press is distinctly historical in character. We shall, moreover, be delighted to receive from any of our well-wishers portraits of illustrious persons which have not been rendered utterly commonplace by circulation in books and otherwise; and views of historical scenes, ancient forts or their remains, battlefields, monuments, and other memorials of the past.

ALLIED RACES.

Involuntarily—in spite of the reasons of state which prevented England from taking official part in the present Paris Exposition—the eyes of Englishmen are turned towards the evidences of national elasticity, of industrial skill, of wondrous moral and material resources which that undertaking has unfolded for the benefit of mankind. There is one thing especially which it brings home to the statesman, the economist and the thinker, and that is that the life of nations is lived on, by the force of an impulse from within, whatever dynastic changes may seem to mask its face to the world around. The Revolution—which, notwithstanding its seeming suddenness and whirlwind fury of passion, was but in the sequence of a vital, complex, yet regular onward movement, the motive power of which was at work even in the days of rigidest

despotism—gave its due impetus to that national life, impelling it in new directions of thought and action, but, after all, left the people in the main but little transformed. Republic, Consulate, Empire, were followed by the Restoration; the Bourbons, by Louis Philippe; then the same succession was virtually repeated up to a certain stage—the Comte de Chambord's obstinate allegiance to the old lily flag standing in the way of a second Bourbon restoration. Under all these *régimes* there were characteristic administrative methods, official disciplines, economic leanings, foreign policies, alliances. But the people remained virtually the same and underwent their development in the same manner and towards the same goal. The Revolution had its effect, of course, and yet that outburst was rather an incident in the course of France's progress—like a cataract in a river channel—than the cause of what has since taken place. The *tumultus*, of which it was an exaggerated and prolonged instance, was a feature in Gallic politics in the days of Julius Cæsar, and Cæsar's description of the people is still a pen-picture of a Paris mob in its moments of vengeful exultation. But such spasms must necessarily be rare in a nation's life, however prone it may be to wild enthusiasm. Moreover, though, in one sense, Paris may (as we are so often told) be regarded as France, in reality, from a social, moral and rational standpoint, no assertion could be more misleading. The frantic energumens of the Commune are as far removed from the quiet-loving, domestic, industrious sons and daughters of fair France as Jack the Ripper is from a Yorkshire yeoman or a peasant of Kent. Englishmen, such as P. G. Hamerton, who have lived in France as their home, describe a social and domestic life as tranquil, as amiable, as pious, as free from any wild craving for change as the most peaceful of English hamlets or households. There are differences, indeed—sometimes in favour of one, sometimes of the other, side of the channel, but, on the whole, there is a striking likeness of thought, sentiment and aspiration. It was the contemplation of this resemblance, doubtless, which prompted a recent writer to advocate a federal union of France and Great Britain.

Such a scheme is, of course, out of the question. But there is no reason why the relation of France and England should not be closer than they are or have been for years. Our elder readers may recall with what pride both sections of our population heard of the victories of the allies thirty-five years ago. There may be difference of opinion—though, indeed, there is not room for much—as to the wisdom or good taste of England's league with the Empire at that time; but as to the friendship between France and England we in Canada would pray that no shadow might ever darken it. The mistake of England's rulers was to forge dynastic chains for her, instead of weaving bonds of international good-will—not to be effected by any rise or fall of pretender stock. That mistake was repeated, with unhappy results (which there is much in the present situation in Europe to emphasize), in the fall of 1870. Whoever reads M. Michel Chevalier's letters to Mr. Gladstone at that crisis—reads them in the light of predictions largely fulfilled—will acknowledge that, in proving recreant to her neighbour and old ally, England was creating a danger to Europe and to herself. For, assuredly, if the supremacy which France (or rather France's strangely accepted master) had exercised in Europe's affairs was a menace and a peril, the overweening strength to which Prussia has succeeded is a men-

ace equally defiant and a peril still more significant. This England now knows. As for France, her inherent force (and the years following 1870 showed what a surprising reserve of force she possessed) has reconquered her old position as a great power, and made her, even with Alsace-Lorraine shorn off, a probable match for Germany. England's hesitations after the fall of Sedan were fatal to her own supremacy. She was wrong in thinking (if she ever actually thought) that France's quarrel with Germany (Napoleon the Third's quarrel in the first place, but thrust on France by the King of Prussia and his Chancellor) concerned those two powers alone. After Sedan, France's case was that of a brave people forced into a life struggle by dynastic plotters, and her cause was deserving of sympathy and help. But the help did not come. She was dismembered, and since then Europe has been a range of rival camps, rumours of war are a constant source of disturbance, and no one knows, from day to day, on what slight plea, rumour may be changed to fact. Meanwhile, it is pleasant to note the expressions of good-will towards England—towards the English people—that have been called forth by the presence of Englishmen in Paris in connection with the Exposition, and, altogether apart from political or dynastic considerations, it must be the earnest hope of all true Canadians that this friendliness will deepen and endure, and that it may find a vivid and sincere reflection in the good-will existing between the two races in this Province and Dominion.

PERSONAL.

The Rev. Commander Roberts, of Como, P.Q., one of our contributors, has been in Montreal attending the meetings of the Anglican Synod.

Prof. William Sharp, the English poet and critic, and editor of Mr. Walter Scott's series of "Canterbury Poets," will, we understand, visit Canada before the close of the summer.

Dr. J. G. Bourinot, author of "Parliamentary Procedure," "Constitutional History of Canada," and other valuable works, will have an article in the next *Quarterly Review* on "Canada: its National Development and Destiny."

Mr. Douglas Sladen, who has been in New York for some months busily engaged on his forthcoming work, "The Younger Poets of America," expects to be in Montreal, where he has a host of friends, about August next.

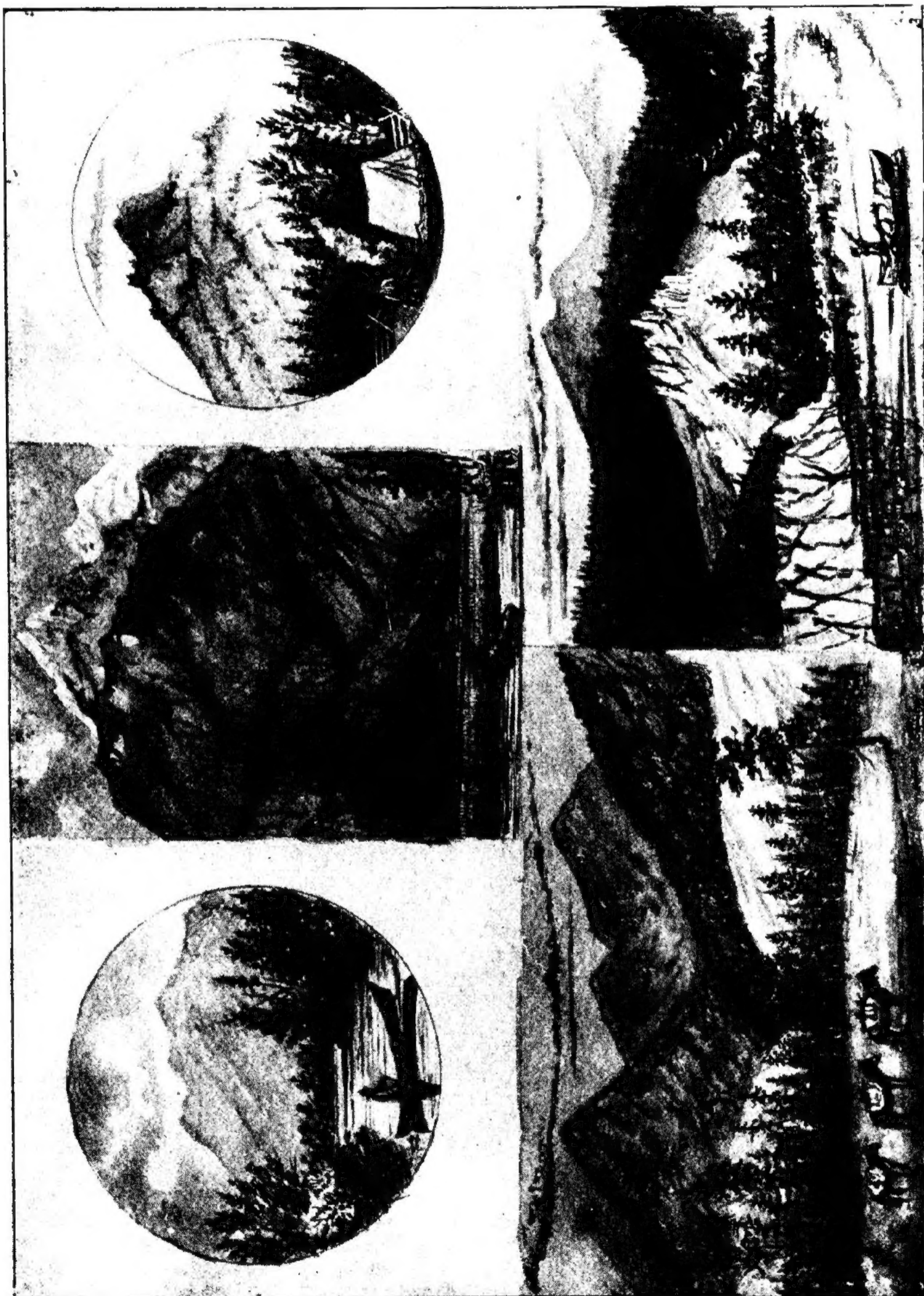
We are happy to learn that Mr. W. D. Lighthall, of this city, author of "Thoughts, Moods and Ideals," "The Young Seigneur," and other works, has been nominated a corresponding member of the Scottish Society of Literature.

The first lecture in the coming winter's course, in connection with the Scottish Society of Literature, will be delivered in October by Mr. Douglas Sladen. We believe that Mr. Sladen intends to make the literature of the United States and Canada the theme of his lecture. Succeeding lectures will be given by the Marquis of Bute, Mr. Henry Irving and other eminent men.

Mr. Charles Trudel, Joint Registrar of Quebec, has been nominated a Chevalier of the Order of St. Gregory the Great, one of the highest honours conferred by the Holy See for distinguished services. The notification, with the parchment signed by Cardinal Ledochowski, came through General the Baron Charette. The old Canadian Zouaves have testified their pleasure at the decoration of their colleague.

Last week we had the pleasure of a visit from Mr. W. H. Fuller, the poet and dramatic author, who looks well and happy and capable of any amount of good work. Mr. Fuller is (we are proud to say) in our list of contributors, but alas! he favours us all too seldom. Our readers will recollect his villanelle, exquisite of its kind. We have his promise (which is never broken) of an early contribution.

Miss Frances E. Willard, president of the Evanston (Ill.) College for Ladies, and one of the greatest philanthropic thinkers and workers of the present age, took part in the recent conference of the Canadian Women's Christian Temperance Union. Miss Willard was born on the 28th of September, 1839, and is thus in her fiftieth year, a fact to which she refers with some humour but more pathos in the last report of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, of which she is president. She has travelled extensively in Europe and the East, and lectured to many audiences on her favourite theme, the advancement of female education and the improvement of the position of women.

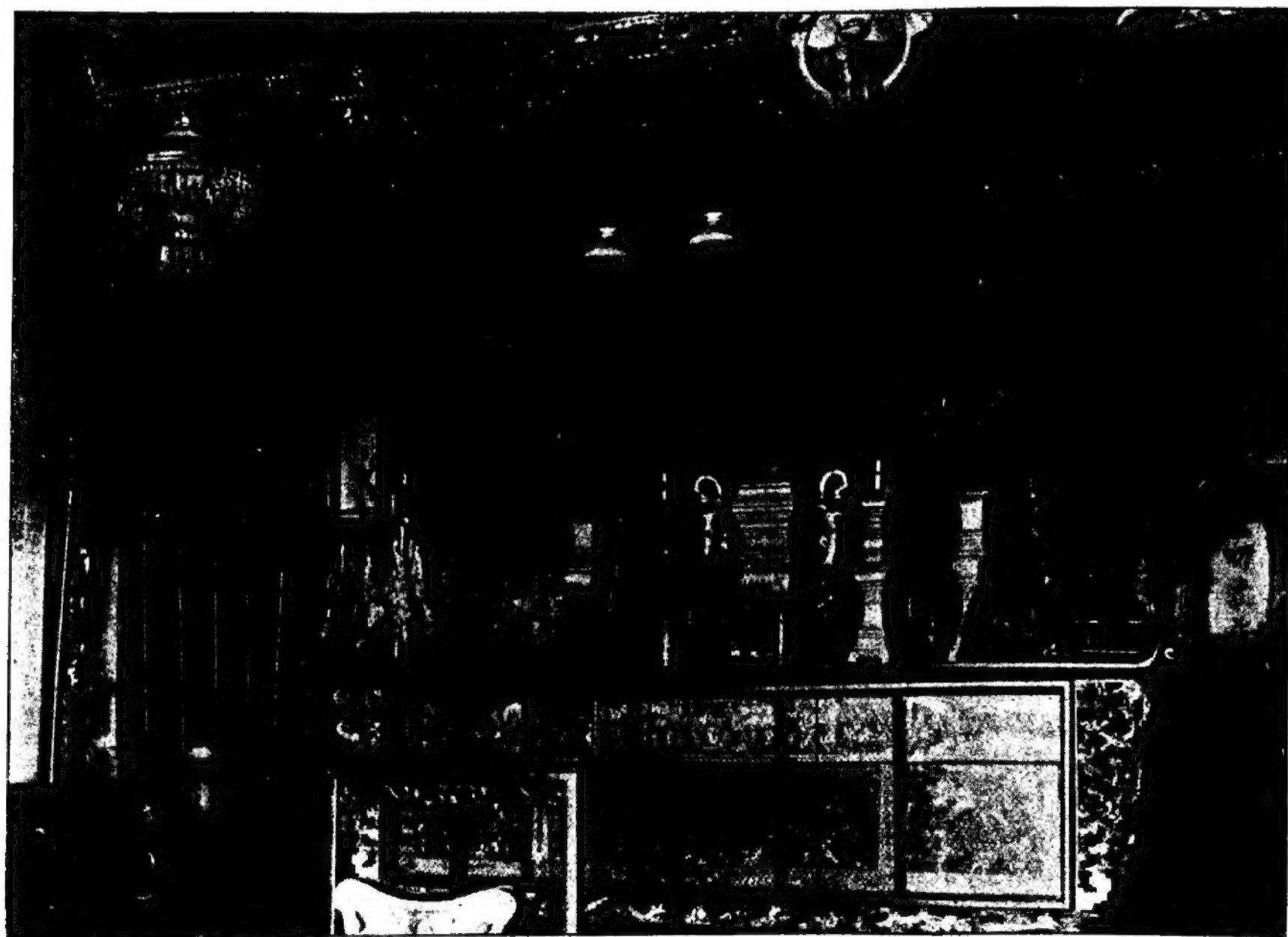


SKETCHES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA. Series 4.
By Mrs. Arthur Spragge.

1. Hog Kai che on the Columbia. 2. Natu al Clay Pillars, Columbia River. 3. Some of the Pack Horses at point of departure. 4. Our First Camp. 5. A Channel of the Columbia.



HUDSON'S BAY POST AT PIE RIVER, LAKE SUPERIOR.



INTERIOR OF JOSS HOUSE, VICTORIA, B.C.



MOUNT PEECHEE.—Those of our readers who have had an opportunity of surveying the splendid circumvallation of many-hued and many-formed mountains, with summits towering up like marshalled Titans, that make the scenery around Banff of unsurpassed sublimity, will recognize in our engraving the giant peak whose sharp cone closes the view to the eastward. It is also the highest of the mountains visible from that lovely halting place and health resort—its altitude being computed to be over 10,000 feet. It is a scene alike impressive to the geologist, the artist and the poet. "There they are," writes one who has witnessed it, "the most gigantic and roughest mountains I ever looked at, and so close to you that you felt instinctively as if you were within walls. Mountains like giant saws, like lonely castles, like hump-backed camels, like the great masses of slate-grey cloud that in summer time, when rain is coming, loom up grandly over our own mountain in Montreal; mountains that seemed as if some Devonian or Carboniferous giant had piled them up in a fit of wild and savage passion, and had then beaten in their faces with his giant hammer; no sloping sides or graceful peaks—nothing but chaos piled up on chaos, till lost in the early morning clouds. The pine trees run up to a given line, or steal in lonely streaks to greater heights, but as a rule there is nothing beyond the line of vegetation but the bare, cruel-looking rock, its mighty ravines filled with snow and ice, and its grey, rugged sides shining like burnished steel when the sunlight falls on them. I never saw or hoped to see anything so awfully grand, and I suppose I could never feel again the same feelings in connection with the same view, though the sense of awfulness never wholly left me as long as ever we were under the shadows of these giant piles of rock which seemed to rise and fall like the waves of an infuriated Atlantic, for over a hundred miles along the railroad track.

II. B. CO.'S POST, PIC RIVER.—Here we have an admirably characteristic group, to the significance of which the Indian figures furnish the key. The "fort" is in better condition than some of the structures which serve the purpose in other establishments of the company. It is enclosed by the usual wooden stockades. That such defences are a sufficient protection and that, in some cases, even the slight barriers are not necessary to guard against aggression, speaks well both for the company's servants and their Indian vassals. The river Pic takes its rise near the Height of Land which separates the waters of the Hudson's Bay from those of Lake Superior, and flows into the latter at Heron Bay. On either side of it rise wooded hills, which increase in altitude towards its source. This post has been brought within the range of civilization by the Canadian Pacific, which now passes its gates.

INTERIOR OF JOSS HOUSE, VICTORIA, B.C.—The word "Joss" is the gift of the Portuguese to the people of China. Christianity was meant to go with it, but the Chinese, exercising eclectic judgment, accepted the word, but rejected its accompaniment. "Dios" would be the proper form, but the English phonetic spelling has prevailed. A Joss-House is literally, therefore, a Beth-El, a House of God. One who has visited the edifice, of the inside of which we give an engraving, thus describes what he saw: "Under the kind escort of Mr. Beanfield, we went into the Joss or idol house—a long room that at first sight had the general appearance of a small ritualistic church, from the banners and hangings on the walls, and the general glitter of the whole affair; indeed, we could not help feeling that we were in a place of worship, and all our hats went off naturally. On the left of the door as you enter, there is a holy umbrella, made apparently of costly material and most elaborately worked; this hangs from the ceiling. Next, going towards what might be called the chancel, is a large metal bell, without a tongue, richly painted in brilliant colours, and then a double row of spears and dragon-headed weapons. On the other side of the room there is a large painted drum, and beyond that, towards the chancel, another line of spears and weapons. Then crossing the room at the top are three wooden structures. The first is an elaborately worked slab, with table top. The slab is crowded with carved figures descriptive of some holy story from the sacred classics, and the table is covered with sacred sticks in cases, illuminated scrolls, shining ornaments, banners, etc. Each sacred stick has a chapter and verse of Chinese Scripture written over it; and the proper thing to do is to take one of these sticks and bring it over to a pigeon-holed case, in which the whole written text may be found. This, when drawn out, tells the fortune of the worshipper for that day. Behind this table is another, bright and glittering, with a sacred lamp burning in front of it, the whole arrangement having the general appearance of a Roman Catholic altar. Behind this again is a kind of sacred grotto, in the middle of which is seated a large figure of a man, with almond-shaped eyes and long hair, and a regular old-fashioned Chinese hat on his head. We could find out nothing as to what form of Chinese faith this Joss was connected with; but as it certainly was not Buddhist, I suppose it was Taoist, and that the figure was that of Lao Tse, the old philosopher. This, however, is mere conjecture on my part. Mr. Beanfield says that the Chinese walk in and out of the place without the slightest appearance of reverence, but all this may be assumed, for, according to Quatrefages, idolators often purposely assume in the presence of strangers

a manner wholly different from that which is natural, in order to keep their real religious views hidden from outsiders."

THE METABETCHOUAN RIVER AND FALLS.—The view of the Metabetchouan river published in this number shows the stream at a distance of some four miles and a half from where it flows into Lake St. John. In the background are the Falls of the Metabetchouan, of which a better illustration will be given in a later number. Some of the finest fishing in the whole Lake St. John district is to be had from the large rock shown in the foreground in the middle of the river. This lovely spot is certain to become very attractive to tourists when better known. Those who desire to avoid climbing the mountains that intervene between the mouth of the Metabetchouan and the Falls will have no difficulty in obtaining guides with buckboards at Chambord who will drive them around to within a very short distance of the spot from which our view has been photographed.

THE RAPIDS OF THE OUIATCHOUANICHE.—Habitual readers of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED will call to mind the illustration, published in the number of February 16th last, of the mouth of the Ouiatchouaniche, or Little Ouiatchouan, where it falls into Lake St. John. The view of the rapids shown in this number, and of the rustic bridge over which passes the main street of the parish of Roberval, is a few hundred feet only above the lake. The scenery and the water power alike are here amongst the finest in the province.

THE C.P.R. CO.'S NEW STEEL LAKE STEAMER AT OWEN SOUND, ONT.—Those who take the route westward by the Great Lakes may start by rail from Montreal, going by way of Ottawa and Carleton Junction, or by direct line through Smith's Falls to Toronto. Thence, by a branch line, they may be borne, through the rich farming country of Central Ontario, to Owen Sound, on the southern extremity of Georgian Bay and commanding a lovely view of land and water. At Owen Sound the traveller embarks on one of the company's lake steamers, splendid vessels of 2,000 tons burden, illuminated throughout by electric light, having elegantly appointed upper-cabin state-rooms, and altogether by the richness and completeness of their equipment and decoration recalling the floating palaces of the Atlantic rather than lake vessels plying in the heart of a continent. Hitherto these magnificent vessels have been Clyde-built, but the new one, the Manitoba, whose appearance, on the ways just before, and in the water after, the launch, may be seen in our engraving, is of native construction and has the distinction of being the largest vessel of its kind ever built in Canada.

THE JOHNSTOWN FLOOD—THE SCENE AT THE RAILWAY BRIDGE.—Our readers have learned from other sources the particulars of the terrible catastrophe which brought death in such horrible shapes to hundreds of families and individuals in the valleys of the Appalachian chain. The culmination of disaster was reached on the afternoon of the 31st of May, when, by the bursting of the Conemaugh Lake and Reservoir, already swollen by the constant and heavy rains, the towns of Conemaugh, Johnstown and other places along the course of the Conemaugh River were swept away, with their panic-stricken, struggling, helpless inhabitants. The scenes enacted at Johnstown on that fateful day and for weeks afterwards defy description. The accounts that have been published of the sufferings of the hapless victims are heartrending. Even in regions liable to be desolated by floods the wholesale destruction of life and property which visited the towns and villages of that doomed valley has been happily rarely preceded. This illustration exemplifies most piteously the fearful and overwhelming force of the raging waters and the virtual hopelessness of escape, save by some marvel, which occasionally rescued the weak, while the strong perished in their strength. The disaster is not without its gleams of solace in the stories of heroism and sympathy and loving kindness which helped to alleviate the pains and sorrows of the survivors. It also brought to light phases of human nature that we shudder to contemplate.

THE JOHNSTOWN FLOOD—THE BROKEN DAM.—About ten miles from Johnstown there was a dam owned by the South Fork Fishing and Hunting Club, an organization of wealthy sportsmen, who kept the waters of the Conemaugh accumulated for their pleasure. When the club leased it, the dam was in bad condition, and, though some repairs were effected, it was never rendered really secure. After repeated warnings the terror came at last with a suddenness from which there was no escape. Rains had swollen the waters to a height never reached before. A young civil engineer, Mr. J. G. Parke, Jr., saw the risk and telegraphed to Johnstown, but the dam broke before many had even attempted to get out of the reach of peril, and with such suddenness and fury did the pent-up waters sweep away all obstacles that human beings were like feathers in its course. The estimates of the loss of life are still conflicting, but it is calculated that at the least the victims numbered from 8,000 to 9,000—some say 10,000, and even 12,000. Our picture shows the character of the dam and the nature of the terribly fatal rent.

THE JOHNSTOWN FLOOD—THE MAIN STREET OF THE TOWN AFTER THE DISASTER.—The ruin that meets one on every side in this illustration tells its own sad story. The city sits solitary, indeed—the city that was full of people is left tenantless, a city of the dead, of desolation, of destruction. It is a melancholy picture, the graphic record of an ever memorable calamity.

IN THE WOODS, NEAR BARRIE.—This is a familiar scene to the dwellers in the region of Lake Simcoe and the chain of which it is the chief feature. It is a region of wondrous

diversity, woods and water assuming all sorts of picturesque combinations. The picture is in sequence of several views already published in the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED of the northern lake country of Ontario.

THE NARROWS, ST. JOHN'S, N.F.—This is a fine and characteristic view of a scene which has been admirably described by the patriotic pen of the Rev. M. Harvey. Nature, if bleak in the northern portions of the island, is kindly on the southern coast. There is no more favoured spot in the world than St. John's and its vicinity. The scenery, both in the harbour and at its entrance and in the country that stretches towards the interior, has charms unsurpassed of their kind in either continental or insular America. Seaward lies the source of manifold wealth; seaward, also, are dangers, especially in the season of icebergs, not yet passed, evidently, when our illustration was taken.

SONNETS AT NIAGARA.

I.

FIRST FEELINGS.

Who can conceive the feelings of the first
Fond hearts that, wandering hitherward by night,
From uncongenial camp fire taking flight,
To Solitude, saw on their vision bu.st
These wondrous falls in rolling mist-wrack hearsed,
And felt the thunder of plunging waters smite
Their ears and drown their murmurs of delight,—
Ah! who can dream what mutual thought they nursed?

Since then have fallen athwart the brink of Time
Years multitudinous as the hurrying waves
That leap Niagara's gulf, yet thou and I,
Here standing where the latest ripple laves
The rock ere dashing to its death sublime,
Of those first lovers share the ecstasy.

II.

LOVE'S CHANGEABLENESS.

How many heart-wed lovers here have stood
Like us beside Niagara's folding brink,
Watching the thirsty gorge the torrent drink!
How many, like ourselves, in solitude
Have stood above the fierce, moon-smitten flood,
Through whose mist clouds a myriad star points twink,
And felt the grandeur of the cataract sink
Into their souls until was thought subdued!

How many human hearts here throbbed with love
And dreamed their love would live beyond the grave,
Strong as Niagara's rush, deep as its fall,
Only within a little space to prove
Their love as changing as the tumbling wave
Which breaks in mist that darkly shadows all.

III.

LOVE'S BLINDNESS.

Little we knew when by the thund'rous tide
We stood and looked into its depths profound,
Where boiled the waters after their fierce bound
Over the cliff that doth the stream divide,
Upper from nether, what of Fate did hide
The veil, or that the voice of love should sound
In our ears and earth's discordancy be drowned,
And souls unite, leaping the wall of pride.

Little thou thoughtst that love was in the air,
Touching thy turbulent curls, thy flushing cheek,
Blue eyes, dear heart, and slumbering on thy lips.
Little I wist old love was buried there,
And that another, faltering yet and weak,
Woke at the calling of the water drips.

IV.

AT THE SISTER ISLANDS.

We stand upon the bridge and look below
Into the rush of waters, streaking white
Along the sunken rocks, so swift its flight;
And while we look, it seems to us as though
We move, and the quick tides have ceased to flow.
So much the motion juggles with our sight,
That we must lift, to see the truth aright,
Our faces to the heaven's purple glow.

Thus man may stand on truth while error sweeps
Beneath him to its misty overthrow
Into the tumult of the nether deep,
Yet, self deceived, often the soul will cry
"Error is truth, and truth is falsity,"
Until a God-ward glance the truth doth show.

V.

THE WHIRLPOOL.

After the leaps tumultuous of the tides
That through the narrow, rocky canyon surge,
With sudden sweeps over some ledge's verge
That underneath the seething waters hides,
With clash of snow-plumed billows on all sides,
That like strong warriors ceaseless combat urge,
Niagara's waves in one another merge,
Where calmly deep the circling whirlpool glides.

Thus is it with our love: the earliest sweep
Of feeling was tumultuous, and the soul
Of each was torn and tossed; but now at last
Of love the stormy rapids have been passed
And we are in the whirlpool that will keep
Our lives forever in its calm control.

Montreal,

ARTHUR WEIR.

DECORATIVE GARDENING.

At the annual meeting of the Ontario Fruit Growers' Association, held in February last, Mr. N. Robertson, superintendent of the Government grounds at Ottawa, read a paper on the ornamentation of beds, lawns and borders, which is not without instructive hints for other keepers of public grounds. Lawns, Mr. Robertson said, were difficult things to deal with, as there was such a variety of points to be considered. To fill a border properly was also no easy task—though, in general, borders were treated as dumping grounds for all sorts of material. As to designs for beds, they should always be in keeping with the architecture of the adjacent building. If the latter is gothic, for instance, that of the beds should be the same, and so on. For bedding purposes, plants might be divided into dwarf, medium, tall and flowering. Carpet bedding is the most expensive of all, requiring a large quantity of plants and labour. He recalled a suggestion once made in a daily paper, to execute which would have required 14,000 plants. The system had, indeed, been carried to excess, but it was not for that reason to be entirely condemned. Among prominent bedding plants, Mr. Robertson commended the *Alternantheras*, the Golden and Silver Thymes, Golden Feather, *Leucophyton Brownii* (the whitest of all plants), *Salvia Officinalis*, Snow in Summer, etc. The paper is illustrated with engravings of beds composed of the plants enumerated. One bed was intended to do honour to the Queen's Jubilee. In shape it was like an imperfect pyramid, with a crown just below the apex, formed of *Alternanthera—Aurea Nana Compacta*; the year "1887" and the word "Jubilee," just below the crown, was made up of *Alternanthera Parychoides Major*; "of our," of Golden Feather, and "Queen," of *Echeveria Secunda Glauca*. Some of our readers have doubtless seen this bed and know what the general effect was. In the first year after Lord Lansdowne's arrival, Mr. Robertson devised a bed in his honour. It was in the form of a circle, bordered by *Salvia Officinalis*, with His Excellency's motto, "Virtute non Verbis," in *Alternanthera Amonea* (he had not yet received the *Parychoides* variety). Within the motto was a beehive, with a bee on either side, the body of darker coloured *Alternanthera*, the wings of *Leucophyton Brownii*. In honour of Lady Lansdowne, finding the crest too intricate for reproduction in a bed, he planted the name "Abercorn," making acorns do duty for the oak-tree of the crest.

Such devices always add to the interest, as well as beauty, of a public garden or park, and where they are appropriate and well brought out in form and colouring, are sure to excite pleasant surprise and admiration. We have mentioned the illustrations that Mr. Robertson gave of that kind of work to show in what way the florist's ingenuity may be exercised. We know that there are persons who, for æsthetic reasons, oppose such artificial growths. It would not do, of course, to have the whole ground covered with them, but, where the area is ample, there is room for experiments that please some without detracting from the pleasure of others. The unrelieved artificiality of a past age is no longer desirable.

THE EDITOR OF THE "TIMES."

The following particulars regarding the inner history of the London *Times* are from an anonymous article in the *Universal Review*:—Editorial existence, with its wearying worry and intense strain, is not usually long-lived; but it is certainly remarkable that during the last seventy years there have been but four editors of *The Times*. Thomas Barnes, who succeeded Stoddart in 1817, was followed by J. Thaddeus Delane in 1841; J. Chennery succeeded in 1877, and George Earle Buckle in 1884. Mr. Buckle is still young, and may fill the editorial throne of *The Times* for many years yet to come. Delane was born in October, 1817, at the very time Barnes succeeded Stoddart as editor. . . . There was sold of *The Times* of November 19, 1852, containing an account of the Duke of Wellington's funeral, 70,000 copies, which were worked off at the rate of 12,000 an hour. The

size of *The Times* of January 10, 1806, with an account of Lord Nelson's funeral, is 19 inches by 13, having about eighty advertisements, and occupying, with woodcuts of the coffin and funeral car, a space of 15 inches by 9. Fifty years later the same journal frequently published a double supplement, which, with the paper itself, contained about 1,700 advertisements. Fifty-four thousand copies of *The Times* were sold when the Royal Exchange was opened by the Queen: 44,500 at the close of Rush's trial. But the largest sale of *The Times* was on the occasion of the Prince of Wales' marriage with the Princess Alexandra, amounting, as it did, to 110,000 copies, at fourpence-halfpenny each.

Among the persons who had an interest in *The Times* was the late Sir Robert Carden. It consisted of the income derived from the "agony column" of that journal, which was bestowed upon Miss Walter on her marriage with the late Alderman and ex-Lord Mayor. There are many romances afloat respecting this famous column, but the solid truth appears to be that it returned a yearly revenue of some £2,500 to the fortunate possessor. Some years ago it is said to have reverted to the proprietors of *The Times*. . . . Who are the proprietors of *The Times* is a question which has been often asked. In the cause known as Mr. Parnell's Scotch action, against *The Times*, a revelation wholly new to the world was made by Mr. Walter in the witness box. He stated that there were about a hundred proprietors of *The Times*; that he did not know who they all were, but that he had no objection to his agent furnishing a list; that his own share was one sixteenth-and-a-half; an arrangement had been made whereby he should be registered as proprietor. "Some of the proprietors," he said, "were minors, others of them were married women, some were resident abroad, and in some instances the interest held was of a very small amount."

IRISH ORIGINS AND CHARACTER.

Putting minor divisions aside, and keeping in mind the two grand divisions among the old Irish, namely, the imaginative, persistent, stolid, revengeful, superstitious Ugrian, and the quick-tempered but kind-hearted, generous, unsteady, quick-tongued, pleasure-loving Kelt, we can understand perhaps better than before the reason for anomalies in the national character. We may perceive in the individual Irishman, it may be, the contest still going on between Aryan and Ugrian, between Iran and Turan. Have we not here a clue to contradictions in Irish natures, their fiery threats and actual peaceableness, their turbulence and relative freedom from crime, their reputation for ferocity among those who do not know them, and the charm they exercise through kindness and hospitality when treated with regard? It is not fanciful to trace here the singular mixture of sharpness and stupidity in the peasant, nor will it be found on reflection hazardous to assert that the Irish owe to the sturdy, plodding Ugrian element their ability to support suffering and their dogged love for the soil—traits hitherto given to the Kelt, although history is full of examples of the Celtic passion for roving about the world. It is an element that gives the counterpoise to the hot-headedness natural to those in whom Celtic blood is strong; it explains the caution of many Scots and Irishmen; for both are apt to talk with violence but to act with great circumspection. It may also supply the sad poetical side of the Irish. It accounts best of all for their essential law-abiding character when humanely treated, their freedom from crimes other than agrarian, to which the latest trials in London bear testimony. It may offer an explanation for the petty though vindictive nature of misdemeanors like moonlighting, houghing cattle and destroying crops—traits which seem foreign to the Celtic genius. Moreover it affords a reason for the virulence of class hatred in Ireland and for anomalies like the siding of the Roman Catholic upper classes with the enemies of the nation, though the enemies are all that is most bigoted in contempt of their old faith. But it must also be obvious to those who have followed me through these two papers full of strange-looking names and, it is to be feared, wearisome arguments,

that the key to the Irish nation fits more or less well the lock of many other peoples. The ancestors of every one of us have fought, conquered, and suffered in that endless quarrel between Aryan and Turanian, which took place all over Europe and a large part of Asia, and which still goes on in the breast of every American who is descended from the primeval mixture of races.—*Charles de Kay, in February "Century."*

LITTLE SISTERS OF CHARITY.

Somewhere above Fitchburg, as we stopped for twenty minutes at a station, I amused myself by looking out of a window at a waterfall which came tumbling over the rocks, and spread into a wide pool that flowed up to the railway. Close by stood a cattle-train, and the mournful sounds that came from it touched my heart.

Full in the hot sun stood the cars; and every crevice of room between the bars across the doorways was filled with pathetic noses, sniffing eagerly at the sultry gusts that blew by, with now and then a fresher breath from the pool that lay dimpling before them. How they must have suffered, in sight of water, with the cool dash of the fall tantalizing them, and not a drop to wet their poor parched mouths!

The cattle lowed dismally, and the sheep tumbled one over the other, in their frantic attempts to reach the blessed air, bleating so plaintively the while that I was tempted to go out and see what I could do for them. But the time was nearly up; and, while I hesitated, two little girls appeared, and did the kind deed better than I could have done it.

I could not hear what they said; but, as they walked away so heartily, their little tanned faces grew lovely to me, in spite of their old hats, their bare feet, and their shabby gowns. One pulled off her apron, spread it on the grass, and, emptying upon it the berries from her pail, ran to the pool and returned with it dripping, to hold it up to the sunning sheep, who stretched their hot tongues gratefully to meet it, and lapped the precious water with an eagerness that made little Barefoot's task a hard one.

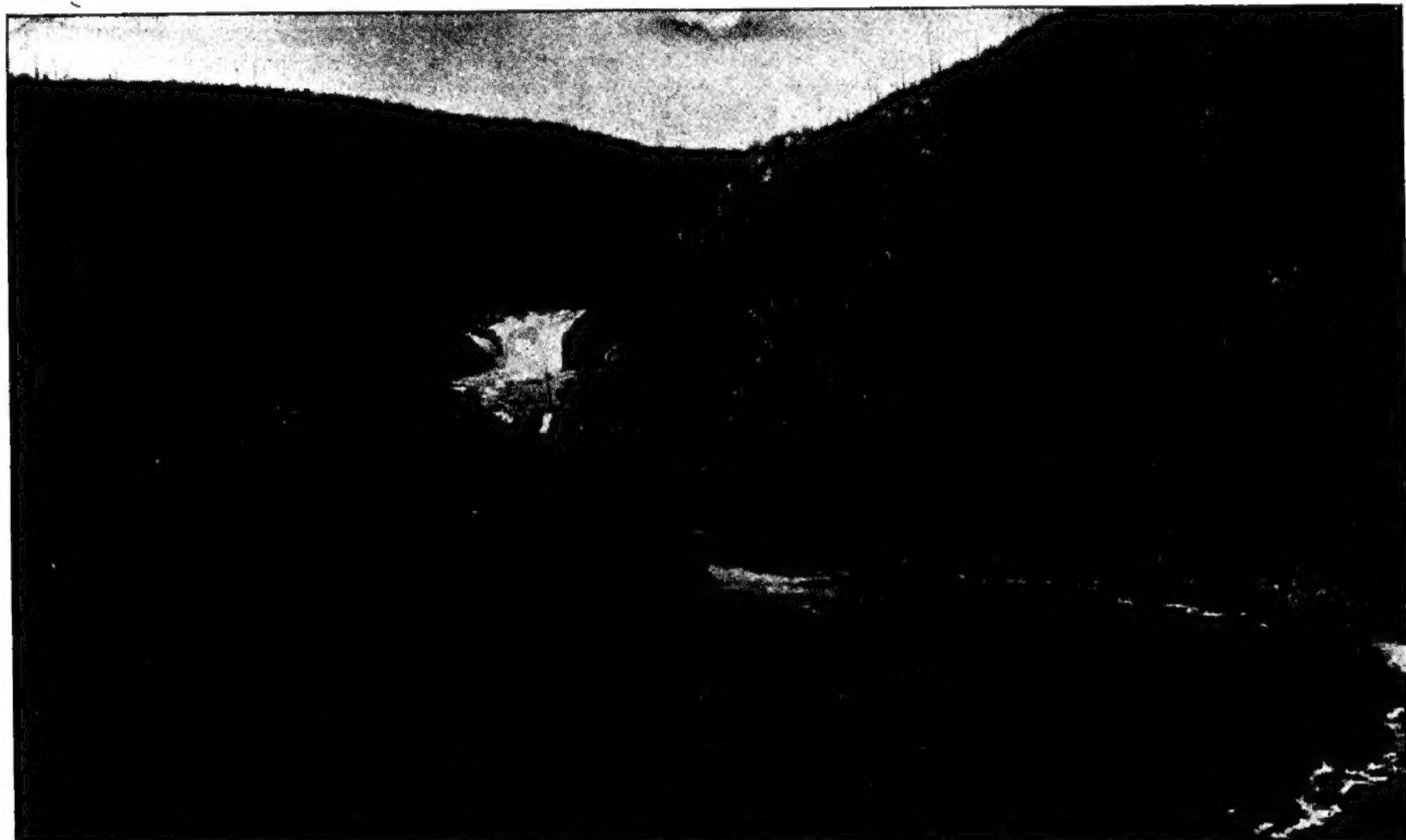
But to and fro she ran, never tired, though the small pail was so soon empty; and her friend meanwhile pulled great handfuls of clover and grass for the cows, and, having no pail, filled her "picking-dish" with water to throw on the poor dusty noses appealing to her through the bars. I wish I could have told those tender-hearted children how beautiful their compassion made that hot, noisy place, and what a sweet picture I took away with me of those two little sisters of charity.—*L. M. Alcott.*

COLONIAL HEAD-DRESSES.

From the illustrated paper by Edward Eggleston, on the home life of the colonists, in the *Century*, we quote the following:—"The dressing of women's hair kept pace with that of men. The 'commode' or 'tower' head-dress rose to a great height in the days of Queen Anne, and then declined to rise into a new deformity in the years just preceeding the American Revolution. In 1771, a bright young girl in Boston wrote to her mother in the country a description of the construction upon her own head of one of these coiffures, composed of a roll of red cow's tail mixed with horse-hair and a little human hair of a yellow colour, all carded and twisted together and built up until by actual measurement the superstructure was an inch longer than the face below it. Of a hair-dresser at work on another lady's head, she says: 'I saw him twist and tug and pick and cut off whole locks of grey hair at a slice for the space of an hour and a half, when I left him, he seemingly not to be near done.' One may judge of the vital necessity there was for all this art from the fact that a certain lady in Annapolis, about the close of the colonial period, was accustomed to pay six hundred dollars a year for the dressing of her hair. On great occasions, the hair-dresser's time was so fully occupied that some ladies were obliged to have their mountainous coiffures built up two days beforehand, and to sleep sitting in their chairs or, according to a Philadelphia tradition, with their heads enclosed in a box."

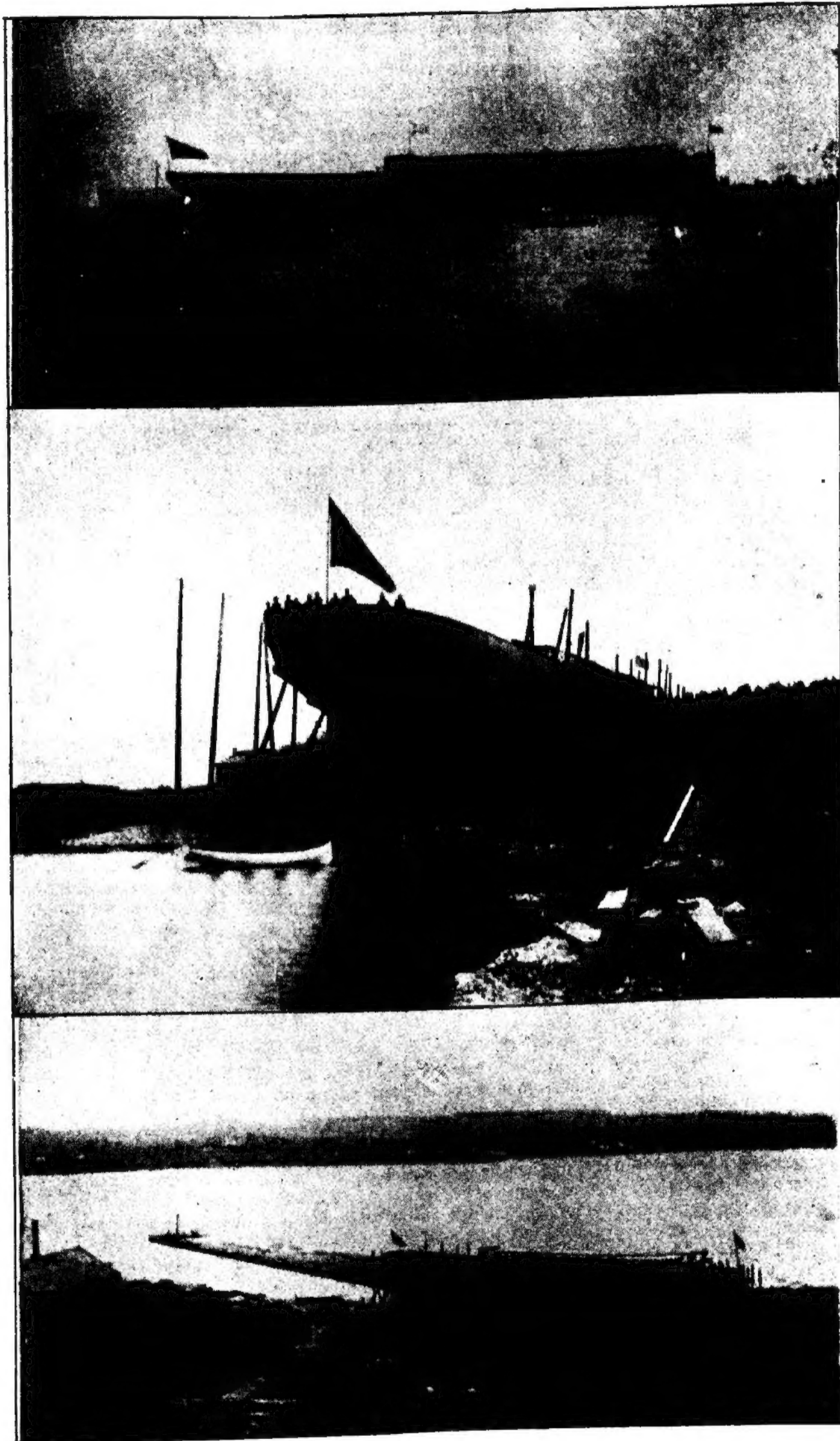
LAKE ST. JOHN DISTRICT.

METABETCHOUAN RIVER AND FALLS.



RAPIDS OF THE QUIATCHOUANICHE.

From photographs by Livernois.



THE LAUNCH OF THE C. P. R. STEAMSHIP "MANITOBA," AT OWEN SOUND.

From photographs by W. Craig.

1. The Launch. 2. Stern View from the Water. 3. The Ship on the Stocks.

ROBIN.

BY EDITH EATON.

I.

Robin was born in Montreal, a beautiful Canadian city on the River St. Lawrence. Robin's parents were poor, hard-working people, respected and liked by all their humble friends. They had a little home which was kept comfortable by dint of hard work and frugality, and in which, protected by a father and mother's care, Robin spent the first five years of his life. He was a bright, interesting child, nervous and delicate, perhaps, but without showing signs of rare intelligence. A little sister, two years younger than himself, named Alice, was his playmate, and the sister and brother were more than usually attached to one another.

'Twas a happy little household until the father died suddenly of heart disease, leaving his wife and children destitute, for his wages had been small, and though the mother was a careful woman and economized in every way possible, they had just been able to live upon what the father had earned, and not a cent was saved.

It was a sad thing for the poor woman, after the first bitterness of her grief was over, to realize that not only was she bereft of her husband, but that her little ones were homeless and without food unless she herself put her shoulder to the wheel and procured it for them.

In her girlhood days, before her marriage, she had earned her living as a type-setter in a printing office, and she remembered now, with a thankful feeling, that she had that trade to fall back upon.

Before, however, commencing work, the poor woman applied to her husband's late employers for a little aid in order that she might be able to pay the rent of the house they were living in, so that the landlord might perhaps suffer them to remain where they were comfortably settled, instead of driving her with her little boy and girl to seek miserable rooms in a low part of the city, where she would be obliged to go, being unable to pay for better quarters. But the men for whom her husband had toiled for many a year, rich though they were, gave not a thought to the widowed and fatherless, and with stony faces and stonier hearts turned from the suppliant who asked, for the sake of her children, for aid in her distress. They demanded, in icy tones, the reason why she and her husband had been so improvident; why they had not saved. Saved! With the miserable little pittance they had given him? She laughed hysterically at that hard-hearted folly. "Oh, well," they at last said, patronizingly, "although we cannot think of giving you money when you are a strong, able-bodied woman, able to keep yourself, and when there are so many charities which we give donations to, and on whose list of subscribers our names are prominently set forth, we will use our influence to help you in putting your children in some institution."

The mother thanked them, but refused the proffered aid, and with sore heart returned to her children. She was poor, but could not part with her only treasures. She found a room in as respectable a part of the city as she could manage to pay for, and then commenced for her the routine of a working woman's life.

Although Robin and Alice were but three and five years of age, she was obliged to leave them alone all day while at her work. And the little things would wait patiently during the long hours, until they heard her footstep on the stairs, at six o'clock, when they would both rush pell-mell to the door of the room in which they were confined and greet their mother. Ah! thankful, indeed, was the mother, when she came home tired and worn out, for their kisses and caresses.

But there came a day—a never-to-be-forgotten day—when, on her return from work, a sight met her eyes which broke the brave heart. Her boy lay on the bed, with eyes vacant, from which intelligence had fled forever. It was the result of a fright.

There was a stove in the room and a fire had been lighted in it that day, and Robin, in lifting the top off it to put on more fuel, had somehow

caught fire. He was but slightly burnt, as the landlady, a woman of courage and presence of mind, happening to be in the room at the moment, managed to extinguish the flames before they had time to seriously hurt his body: but the delicate, nervous system of the child had received such a shock that he lost consciousness, and when they managed to open his eyes they saw that reason was fled.

The doctor was leaning over Robin when his mother came in, and going up to her he told her, in a few pitying words, what had befallen her boy. Stunned by her great misfortune, she said not a word, shed not a tear, but when they led her to the bed, when she saw her little child's vacant eyes, she turned to those around, the sympathizing but dispensable witnesses of her sorrow, and bade them leave her alone.

Then, when alone, she fell on her knees beside the bed, and for over an hour slow tears fell from her eyes and rolled unheeded down her cheeks.

Her faith and courage were gone; her heart broken. Cheerfully had she toiled for her little ones, for the thought that some day they would reward her had lightened her labour. But now her bright dreams were dashed to the ground, for her boy, upon whom she had rested almost all her hopes, was worse than dead.

She came out of that room a sad-faced, broken-spirited woman. She went back to the dreary routine of her work with every aspiration crushed. Mental depression affected her health, and bad food, sleepless nights, trouble and toil combined caused her to fall an easy victim to a contagious fever which was raging just then in that part of the city where she lived. She left the printing office one afternoon, sick to death, for she had borne up as long as it was possible to do so, and four days after her body was carried to Mount Royal Cemetery, whilst the piteous cry of "Oh! mamma, mamma! I want my mamma!" of her little daughter brought tears to the eyes of all those who heard it.

II.

Alone in the world now were Robin and Alice, save for one relative, a brother of their father's, who immediately, on hearing of their mother's death, came and took the children to live with him. Far better it they had been entirely alone, for then they would have had the protection of some charitable institution. This uncle was a bad and dissolute man, whose abode was a den in the lowest part of the city, and who made a livelihood in ways unknown to honest men. What end he had in view when he took the children of a respectable brother, towards whom he had always cherished a bitter animosity, to live with him, will be shown hereafter.

III.

A boy and a girl were trudging along one of the dusty thoroughfares of the city of Montreal. Evening is coming on and the children look tired and dejected, as well they may, for they have been out all day, wandering around the streets. A basket, full of odd bits of things, which the little girl carries, proclaims them to be beggars. It must be quite heavy, for the child leans to one side and stops every now and then, but for all that she keeps ahead of her brother, who is lagging along aimlessly a couple of yards behind.

It is Robin and Alice who are thus wearily trudging through the dusty streets. They have learnt a trade; that trade is begging. A very remunerative trade to their uncle when practised by his little nephew and niece.

Their uncle has a family, consisting of his wife and a grown son and daughter. The son was as dissolute and desperate a character as his father, and the mother and daughter were two females of the most depraved type, and for these wretches the children begged day after day, and many a cent did their pitiful young faces draw from the pockets of kind-hearted people, who would not have felt disposed to give to those who were hardened in crime.

Amidst scenes of degradation and vice were these little ones living, and 'twas only their youth and innocence which kept them uncontaminated. Their companions were outcasts from society, at war with

the world, and they vented the bitterness of their hearts upon these children, who were too ignorant and helpless to resist them. Hard words and blows did Robin and Alice receive, often without any cause, and the poor little things had got so used to such treatment that they scarcely knew what kindness was. This made them cling to each other with a devotion which was almost pathetic. The boy especially, on account of his misfortune, was knocked around, and often and often his uncle and that uncle's friends would use him as a butt for their coarse jokes. At such times he would crawl away for protection or sympathy to his little sister, to whom their cruelty caused the greatest distress, lay his head in her lap and weep like a baby, for idiot though he was, he was sensitive in some ways.

If the children had been older and had more sense, they might have escaped from their tormentors, but, as it was, they did not even think of such a thing; so day after day they went out to beg from door to door, and it is on a hot day in June that we see them trudging denwards, and take up their history, which is to be so brief and sad.

The sun shone hot on their heads and the dust rose from the road, and down the street they went until they reached the hovel in which they lived.

They show what they have in the basket, what money they have in a small leather bag which the boy carries. Their uncle and his wife look greedily over everything, and, finding that the children have done unusually well, in an unwonted fit of kindness the woman tells them that they can spend the next day as they like.

The little girl delightedly whispers the news to her brother, and a vacant smile creeps over his face, for, though almost devoid of understanding, he seems to know by intuition when she is pleased, and when she is happy or pleased, he is also. He is perfectly harmless, is Robin, and, except for the vacant stare in his eyes and the listlessness of his manner, one would never know of the terrible cloud that darkened his life. He is very childish, and, although ten years old, is treated like a baby by his eight year old sister. She looks after him with an almost motherly solicitude.

After a scanty supper the children creep to bed and do not wake till the morning sunbeams, which have made their way into their uncurtained bedroom, dance upon their faces and force them to open their eyes. Then they put on their ragged clothes and leave the house, the other inmates of which are in a state of stupefaction on account of the drunken orgies in which they had indulged the night before.

Robin and Alice wend their way to Jacques Cartier wharf and wait around there till the boat for St. Helen's Island is ready to take on passengers. They enter the boat and in a very few minutes are on the island. (They had brought home over two dollars the night before, out of which their uncle had allowed them to keep ten cents each, and the children who had often longed to see the island were thus afforded the opportunity.)

It was a perfect day—one of those days wherein every hour is bright and sunny. All clouds seemed to have rolled from the sky. And the river—oh, the river! it sparkled and rippled so; it looked so enchanting that death in its bosom seemed almost to be desired.

And the children who had stepped out of their dark den into the morning's brightness were as happy as it was possible for them to be. The pure air, the sight of the river, and, above all, a sense of freedom put fresh life into them. They scrambled around, enjoying everything in a quiet kind of way, for the children of misery and poverty give not that boisterous freedom to their mirth in which happier and more fortunate ones express their feelings. Living among sights which can better be imagined than described—begging from door to door—had quenched Robin's and little Alice's natural childish exuberance; but this holiday spent on the island and river was like a glimpse of heaven to them. Ah, heaven was very near to one of them that day, though they knew it not.

Tired at last with walking around, they go down to the beach where some boats were lying, for the use of pleasure seekers who might wish to hire one. Ignorant that they who wish to use the boats must

pay for them, the children seat themselves in one and Robin takes the oars and paddles out into the river.

There was no one to watch these poor little things. If the boatman had caught them he might, perhaps, have used hard language to them, but there was no one to warn them—no kindly father or mother to tell them that they were in mischief and danger. The novelty of their occupation charmed them; the influence of the air and sunshine exhilarated them; the boat glided on smoothly and floated gradually away from the island with those two little friendless souls, and there were none to miss them. No cry, save the cry of the boatman for his boat, would be raised if they should never return.

Robin scarcely knew how to use the oars, but the current carried them on smoothly and gently, and there is no danger if the children will only keep still. After a while Robin stops rowing and they sit still, enjoying the unusual peacefulness which surrounds them.

"I am thirsty," says Alice, suddenly leaning over the side of the boat and filling her little hands with water. She leans too much over the side, she loses her balance, the boat rolls over. When it recovers its equilibrium Robin is sitting in a rigid position clutching the sides, but the water has already resumed its ordinary placid ripple over the spot where Alice's golden head has gone down.

The accident has been noticed by a man on the shore, who quickly rows out to Robin and brings him back to the island. He had seen the boat turn over, but he had no idea that there had been two children in it. The people cluster around them, but it is not until Robin, who has been sitting motionless since the accident, stretches out his arms towards the river, calling "Alice, Alice," that they understand that his little companion, who had so lately been rowing around the island with him, is now under the water.

Then they take Robin back to the city, but Alice is not found until the sun, which is now high in the heavens, has risen twice.

IV.

We will skip a period of about eight months. It is the month of February and the citizens of Montreal are holding a carnival. It is the night of the storming of the Ice Palace.

Pushing his way amongst the crowd which has congregated on Dominion Square is a poorly-clad boy of about twelve years of age. This boy is Robin. It is a cold night and he wears no overcoat, and his head is scarcely protected by an imitation lambskin cap, from which the lining has been torn. He does not seem to heed the cold nor the people who stare curiously at him. He is looking at the Ice Palace. That is the sight which attracts all eyes. The hands, brains and hearts of the Montrealers have made it something more like a dream of fairyland than the work of man, and under the quiet stars stands a most wondrous palace—a palace which has risen from the River St. Lawrence, for every block of crystal ice was cut from the bosom of that noble river and fashioned by Canadian art into a stately edifice, which strangers from far and near throng to view. St. Lawrence, thy child is worthy to share thy world-wide fame!

But it is not the beauty of the palace that Robin is gazing at. His eyes are fixed on a certain block of ice at the centre and almost at the very top of the Ice Palace.

The storming with fireworks has commenced, and the boy gets as near to it as he possibly can, still watching that huge gleaming crystal with a rapt look in his eyes. What strange fancies fills the boy's head as he stands there? What has caused him to take such a strange interest in the Ice Palace when he was wont to take no interest in anything? It is this: Because he fancies that his little sister is in that glittering, cold, fairy-like habitation; that in one of those blocks of ice which were hewn out of the river in which his sister was drowned she lives. The fireworks glance swiftly around the place where he fancies he sees her. The boy clasps his hands and weeps for fear that they will touch her. "Oh! my little sister. Don't

hurt my little sister!" he cries. In his fancy she is beckoning to him, and his spirit is almost transported to her side.

To the idiot boy Alice's death only removed her to another place. He had seen Alice drown; had seen her go down into the waters, and his imagination pictured her living under them; and while the summer had lasted, many an hour had he spent by the river gazing intently into its depths.

Then when winter came, when the Ice Palace was built, when he had seen them building it with ice cut from the river, he conceived the idea that his sister had been taken out in one of the blocks of ice.

Standing amongst the crowd, watching the fireworks play around the Ice Palace, a terrible fear took possession of him that those burning, flying lights would strike her, that they would annihilate her altogether. It was Alice they were firing at he thought. He watched intently. Suddenly a rocket struck the place where it seemed, to his excited fancy, his little sister was confined. Then a whole storm of many-coloured lights was directed to that place.

With a hoarse cry the boy sprang from his crouching position. He could see no more. Away from the crowd he ran. Down the city streets he fled. Whither? No one knew, but he was never again seen alive by any Montrealers.

V.

'Twas a pitiful sight. A little lad lying dead on the sandy beach of St. Helen's Island. He was lying face downwards when found, yet withal so childishly sad that many a tear rose to the eyes of the onlookers. Ah! few tears had been called forth while he lived and needed love and pity. He had received hard words and blows—been kicked almost as it were into the other world—but none could say a word now, for the majesty of Death was on his brow and nought could again disturb him.

'Tis our poor little friend Robin. Where he had been, how he had lived, since the winter, none knew and none will ever know; but they surmised that he must have known he was dying of a mortal sickness and had managed to crawl to the place where he had seen the one little sister who had been the whole world to him disappear from his sight. There he had lain him down and died silently and unseen, only, perhaps, the loving eyes of those whose home is paradise, watched over his last moments, and their outstretched arms caught his spirit as it escaped from its earthly habitation.

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THAT PUZZLE.

"Chaplain" has sent us the correct answer of the puzzle which appeared in No. 49. On the same subject we have received the following interesting communication from Mr. George Murray:

The quaint epitaph, part of which is a Latin puzzle, is stated to be in a churchyard in Germany. It was published in the *London Times* of September 20, 1828, and is as follows:

Quid tua te
be bis? bia abut
ra ra ra
es,
et in
ram ram ram
i i

Mox eris quod ego nunc.

This to the initiated, of course, denotes: "O superbe, quid superbis? Tua superbia te superabit. Terra es, et in terram ibis. Mox eris quod ego nunc," or in English: "O proud man, why art thou proud? Thy pride shall overcome thee. Dust thou art and unto dust thou shalt go. Soon thou shalt be what I now am." It must be explained to the uninitiated that the Latin word *super* is understood over each of the four words of the second line; that *ra ra ra* in the third line is thrice *ra*, i.e., *ter-ra=terra*, earth or dust. In like manner *ram ram ram* is *ter-ram=terram*; while the *i i* of the seventh line is *i* twice, i.e., *i-bis=ibis*, thou shalt go. Such learned trifling was by no means uncommon in former ages, and curious collections of these *unge classicae* have been compiled by European scholars.

• • •

A handsome granite monument for the grave of Mrs. Henry Wood in Highgate Cemetery has just been completed by an Aberdeen firm. It is in the form of a sarcophagus of Doric design, and is an exact counterpart of the tomb of Scipio Africanus at Rome. The memorial bears the simple inscription, "Mrs. Henry Wood.—The Lord giveth wisdom."

WATERLOO.

Sunday, June 18th, 1815.

"What struck?"

"Half-past ten o'clock."

As over his saddle-bow he bent,
He thought of a village church in Kent,
And said: "She'll be kneeling soon to pray
Perhaps for me on this Sabbath day."

Ping! ping!

Hark! the bullets wing!

Their cuirassiers sweep across the plain.

"Charge them, our Life Guards!"—they turn again;
While English beauty is on its knees
For English valour beyond the seas.

There goes

The vanguard of the foes!

They've taken the woods by Hougoumont!

"Coldstreams and Fusiliers, to the front!"

Taken again, lads! that's not amiss

Your sweethearts at home will hear of this.

Pell-mell

Bullet-shot and shell

Rain on our infantry, thick and fast.

Many a stout heart will beat its last;

Blue eyes will moisten many a day

For good lives lightly given away.

Clash, clash!

Like a torrent's dash,

Lancer and cuirassier leaps on the square,

Scarcely a third of the bayonets there.

Ye who would look on Old England again

Now must ye prove yourselves Englishmen.

Stamp, stamp,

With its even tramp,

Rolls uphill the invincible Guard.

Falters it at the fiftieth yard?

Weak, worn, and oft assaulted the foe,

Yet never its heart misgave it so.

On, on,

And the fight is won!

Shot-stricken linesmen and thrice-charged guard

Stares at them lion-like, hungry and hard;

His wailing is done—his hour is come;

Pent-up fierceness drives bayonets home.

On, on,

Lifeguard and Dragoon,

An English charge and a red right hand

Will bring fair years to your fair old land.

With riven corslet and shivered lance,

Is reft and shivered the pride of France.

Still, still,

In the moonlight chill,

A dying dragoon looks up to a friend:

"Tell her I did my part to the end—

Till I died as an Englishman should—

And give her—my handkerchief—it is my blood."

There went,

From a church in Kent,

An eager and anxious prayer to God

For lovers and brothers and sons abroad.

The fairest and noblest prayed for one—

Neither lover, nor brother, nor son.

A calm

After hymn and psalm.

The preacher in silent thought is bowed,

Ere he gives out the bidding prayer aloud.

Hark! What can that long, dull booming be,

Swept by the east wind across the sea?

Boom, boom!

Like the voice of doom!

The preacher has fought and knows full well

The message that booming has to tell,

And gives out his text: "Let God arise,

And He shall scatter our enemies."

One night

In two memories bright:

One golden hour, unwatched, at a ball,

A kerchief taken or given was all.

"Off to the war to-morrow—good-bye—

I'll carry it with me until I die!"

"He is dead!

You have come," she said,

"To bring me tidings of him I loved?

Your face has told me your tale—he proved

Worthy the name that I did not know,

The man that I thought him a year ago."

"He died

With stern English pride,

But lived to fight the great battle through,

His last words were of England and you,

He died as an English gentleman should,

And sent you his handkerchief, rich with his blood."

"Ah, me!

Life is sad," moaned she,

"When all the sun in its sky hath flown,

And one loving bosom is lone;

And, oh! if I might but be by you,

In your soldier's grave at Waterloo."

DOUGLAS SLADEN.



THE JOHNSTOWN FLOOD.—SCENE AT THE RAILWAY BRIDGE.

From *Harper's Weekly*



THE JOHNSTOWN FLOOD.—THE BROKEN DAM THROUGH WHICH LAKE CONNEMAUGH WAS EMPTIED.



THE JOHNSTOWN FLOOD.—MAIN STREET, JOHNSTOWN, AFTER THE FLOOD.

From Harper's Weekly.



The Canadian anthology, "Songs of the Great Dominion," the appearance of which has been awaited for some time past, is at last within reach of the public. It is a handsome volume of over 500 pages, with a suitable emblematic cover. The second title is "Voices from the Forests and Waters, the Settlements and Cities of Canada." The editor, Mr. W. D. Lighthall, makes this title the text of his Introduction. "The poets," he says, "whose songs fill this book are voices cheerful with the consciousness of young might, public wealth and heroism. Through them, taken all together, you may catch something of great Niagara falling, of brown rivers rushing with foam, of the crack of the rifle in the moose and caribou, the lament of vanishing races singing their death-song as they are swept on to the cataract of oblivion, the rural sounds of Arcadias just rescued from surrounding wildernesses by the axe, shrill war-whoops of Iroquois battle, proud traditions of contests with the French and the Americans, stern and sorrowful cries of valour rising to crush rebellion." A Canadian literature, thus savouring of the soil, ought, he thinks, to have attractions for English readers, and, in order not to disappoint a natural expectation, he has confined his choice to what was distinctly representative of Canadian scenery, life, traditions and aspirations. The book may, for that reason, be defective from a purely literary point of view. An anthology, based solely on literary merits, may, perhaps, come later. Meanwhile, Mr. Lighthall has done his share in acquainting the British public with the results attained so far by the literary movement in Canada. His arrangement follows a plan which is implied by what we have already said of the purpose of the work. The Imperial spirit, the new nationality, the Indian, the *voyageur* and the *habitant*, sports and free life, the spirit of Canadian history, places and seasons—these are the sub-titles under which he classes his pieces.

The preparation of such a work required much time and the consultation of many sources of authority. Some of our poets are largely represented; others have honourable mention. About sixty verse writers altogether figure in these pages. We are glad to see that the editor has done justice to Charles Sangster. Miss Crawford also has laurels placed on her early grave. We have some specimens of Heavysege's work and a pen-picture of that man of genius. "Fidelis" has a share of due honour, but we miss Mrs. McLean's "Burial of the Scout." Our early poets, Robert Sweeny, Adam Kidd and others are conspicuous by their absence. The second generation is not forgotten. The later singers are present in full choir. In one of his earliest literary utterances, Prof. Roberts deprecated the rule which judged a Canadian poet by his choice of subject as though, to do his country credit, he must sing only of native themes. The author of "Orion" has since shown how musical such themes become under his masterly touch, and here he shares the palm with the author of "The St. Lawrence and the Saguenay." There are few, indeed, of our poets who have not sometimes been inspired by the scenery, the traditions, the destiny of their own land. Dramatic poems are not easy to select from, yet Mr. Lighthall has somehow managed to give extracts from Martin's "Marguerite," Mair's "Tecumseth," and Hunter-Duvar's "De Roberval." Lampman obtains deserved prominence. The indefiniteness of the Latin superlative would best express his rank (and that of others) in the fraternity. *Quot homines tot sententia.* We have an old *Monthly Review* of 1793 in which a smart critic makes fun of Wordsworth's maiden efforts and lauds, as showing refinement and literary taste, the productions of a certain Philenia, long since gone to her own place. Those were the days, it is true, when Mr. Pye-sat in the Laureate's seat. England's estimate of poetry has changed in the last century, but the critic is, as a rule, as positive, as autocratic as ever, and, worse still, the *claque* is a power with which many writers must reckon. That is a province in which Wallace bills, if possible, would be vain. Happily, in Canada, our very rawness is our safeguard against such tyrannies and *absit invidia* may the odium of them keep aloof from us as we mature! Mr. Lighthall's patriotism is so thorough-going that he loves those who praise his idol out of sheer sympathy. There is, nevertheless, a method in his enthusiasm, and the goal to which he points is worth striving for. The names on his roll of honour—most of them names of living thinkers and workers for Canada's prosperity and glory—form a goodly assemblage. Many a good poet of either sex is here.

Of the younger singers, besides those already mentioned, are Arthur Weir, Helen Fairbairn, Duncan Campbell Scott, "Gowan Lea," W. D. Lighthall, the Rev. W. W. Campbell, Bliss Carman, Barry Straton, "Barry Dane," the Rev. F. G. Scott, Miss Roberts, and others no less meritorious. "Barry Dane" is sure to attract attention in England, as well for the beauty of his other inspirations as (and more especially, being unique in the volume) for his spirited dialect poems, charged with pathos and dramatic power. William McLennan, with his fine renderings of the "Songs of Old Canada," is a happy link between the two sections of our complex nationality. And who that knows them does not love "Pastor Felix" and "Lacledé," whose words respectively begin and close the volume?

Such is the life of man—a shifting of scenes with its ranges
From one extreme to the next—the rise and ebb of the soul;
And what is our bliss mid it all? Why, always to change with the changes,
Though our single purpose is fixed on the one immutable goal.
Then to-night I will chase my sorrow, with that last wild gust of December:
The gloom where I sit is gone and the gleams of the morning appear;
The past shall be buried anew in the dust of the smouldering ember
For the future that rises before me in the flush of the dawning year.

And in a twofold sense we all echo "Lacledé's" aspirations.

We are not yet done with this book. It will be to us, from time to time, a reminder of our resources in the province of poesy and a landmark by which to gauge our advance. It is not faultless, as we have already hinted. If it were, we wouldn't care for it. Our books (that is, the books we make companions of) are, like our friends, all the dearer to us for their faults. They give us the privilege of correction or rebuke, and thus of asserting, on some point, at least, our own superiority. The exercise of such a privilege is not always, indeed, a pleasure. There are omissions, for instance, in the volume which we sincerely regret. We would much rather that Mr. Lighthall had not, by some inadvertence, ascribed the translation of the "Wabanaki Songs" (pages 59-61) to Mr. Charles G. Leland. He has thereby unconsciously done injustice to an estimable lady, who has devoted a great part of her useful life to the study of the Indian tribes. Of contributions to the work under the head of "Indian," there are just three from aboriginal sources. One of these was obtained at Caughnawaga by the editor, and was translated, at his request, by Mr. John Wanienté Jocks, a member of the well-known Caughnawaga family of that name. The other two are the Wabanaki Songs, the translation of which is incorrectly attributed to Mr. Charles G. Leland. As these songs are literal transcripts from illustrative specimens inserted (with the originals) in a paper read before the Royal Society of Canada in 1887, and included in the Transactions for that year, their authorship may be easily ascertained. They were taken down from the lips of Sapiel Selmo, the wampum-keeper of the Wabanaki, by Mrs. W. Wallace Brown, of Calais, Maine, who sent them, with the translations, to the essayist. It was to the same gifted lady that Mr. Charles G. Leland was (as he gladly acknowledges) largely indebted for the Wabanaki portion of his "Algonquin Legends of New England." To take the credit for translating what, perhaps, he never saw, is the last thing that Mr. Leland would dream of doing. The songs have been greatly admired. Mr. Horatio Hale, who is probably the first aboriginal philologist in America, thinks them beautiful, and they have elicited warm praise from Sir Daniel Wilson, Dr. Lawson and other men of eminence interested in such studies. We would add a word concerning the third poem, under the heading of "The Imperial Spirit" (page 7), which is marked "anonymous." A lady (one of our valued contributors), whose letter we give elsewhere, kindly informs us that the author of that fine composition is Mr. J. C. Paterson, M. P., of Windsor, Ont. For further particulars on the subject we beg to refer our readers to "Erol Gervase's" interesting communication. It now remains for us to congratulate Mr. Lighthall on the discharge of a task which will add, we trust, to Canada's prestige and stimulate the literary spirit throughout the Dominion. It is almost sure to have a large circulation both here and in the motherland, and not the least of the services that it will render to our literary class is to make its scattered members aware of their own numerical strength and many-sided culture. The publisher is Mr. Walter Scott, of London, Eng.

HONOUR TO WHOM HONOUR.

To the Editor of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.

DEAR SIR,—The author of the poem "Canada to England," which appears anonymously on page 7 of the "Songs of the Great Dominion," is Mr. J. C. Patterson, M. P., of Windsor, Ont. The verses were, if I remember rightly, first published in the *Toronto Globe*, and a copy was sent to the Queen, of which her Majesty was graciously pleased to express her appreciation. Lord Palmerston also wrote to the author and thanked him. Another poem, entitled "A United Canada," some extracts from which I send, is in the same spirited and patriotic vein, and the whole would well bear reproduction at the present time. I regret its omission in Mr. Lighthall's invaluable collection.

I have also in my possession other of the writer's earlier poems, and the manuscript of an exceedingly graceful and delicate word-picture, "A Summer Night at Pointe aux Trembles. Bas Canada," which I shall, if desired, send you later on.

Mr. Patterson is a native of Ireland, but has for very many years resided in Canada, and is closely identified with the political interests of the country. His wife is a Canadian.

Montreal, 6th June.

EROL GERVASE.

Mr. Hall Caine, author of "The Deemster," intends, we understand, to pay a visit to Ireland in the summer, to obtain local colour for a new work he has on the stocks. What with plays and tales—of which the latest is "The Bondman"—to appear through a syndicate of newspapers, Mr. Caine has a busy time. He has found his audience and must provide matter for their amusement.

OUR WILD WESTLAND.

POINTS ON THE PACIFIC PROVINCE.

(By MRS. ARTHUR SPRAGGE.)

VARIED CHARACTER OF THE COLUMBIA RIVER—
NATURAL CLAY PILLARS—FORCE OF THE
CURRENT—WE BID FAREWELL TO THE
DUCHESS—OUR PACK AND SADDLE HORSES
—PECULIARITIES OF THE CAYUSE—OUR
FIRST CAMP.

IV.

Between the morning when we left the Hog Rancho and the afternoon when we quitted Spillumacheen the character of the Columbia had been gradually changing, until a complete transformation was accomplished above the latter place; the low mud banks lining both sides of the river disappear entirely, or apparently do so, beneath luxuriant bushes of overhanging cranberries and willows, on the west side; while on the east, clay cliffs, some 60 feet high, rise gradually and assert their distinct individuality. Near them we came upon a bit of wet sandy beach, in which the tracks of a bear were clearly visible not twenty feet from the boat. The lights and shades of the setting sun on the mountains and water were exquisitely soft and tender, and the reflection of the trees in the swiftly flowing river sharp and clearly cut. Twenty miles from Spillumacheen a wooded rocky belt came into view on the west bank—a spur of the Selkirk range. It was streaked in some places with a red mineral deposit; in others showed rich orange hues. These headlands ascended upwards of 600 feet, then sloped down the bank, to be succeeded by others of a similar but less stony nature, till the shades of night blent all in one misty mass.

At 8 o'clock we tied up the Duchess once more to the bank, enjoyed the soundest of slumbers, and were off the next morning at sunrise. When I emerged from my stateroom I found the mountains on the west bank had entirely disappeared, giving place to high bluffs covered with the short bunch grass of the lake region, then burnt to the exact colour of pale brown paper by the long continued summer drought of 1886.

Fine fir trees were scattered about singly and in groups, without a vestige of undergrowth, giving the country the effect of a well-kept park suffering severely from want of rain. The Rocky Mountains were still visible in distant blue masses on the east bank. A little further up the river we stopped for a supply of wood which had been cut during the winter and piled on the bank for the steamer's use; then moved on again for some uneventful miles till we reached a high clay cliff on the east side, carved (by the action of water, it is supposed) into the towers and battlements of a miniature fortification. To me it suggested some inexplicable freak of nature, with its numerous detached clay pillars, several feet in height, standing erect above the river like the ruined towers and chimneys of some deserted city. Near here we saw several fine fish-hawks hovering above the Duchess and passed close to their high untidy nests, perched in what would seem their favourite locality—the top of a decayed pine tree, often hanging so low over the river that the steamer could barely pass beneath it.

We had now almost reached the highest point that Captain Armstrong could make at low water, a place called Lilacs, this euphonious name being derived from its owner, not from a bush that blossomed in the neighborhood. This flowery spot is six miles from the Lower Columbia Lake, and we were rapidly approaching it on Monday morning when we came upon a shallow place in the river, where the water fell to three feet. Making our way slowly towards the promontory, round which the Columbia was sweeping rapidly, we were just clearing it when the current caught the boat's head and turned it in a second down stream. Capt. Armstrong would not risk a second attempt, as we had narrowly escaped grounding on a reef when the Duchess, refusing to answer her helm, fell a prey to the violence of the water, but steered her carefully to a calm nook in the shelter of the bank, which sloped most obligingly down to the water's edge, and secured her to several trees till further notice. We found we were a mile below Lilacs, but an Indian who had been observing our

progress from the top of a high grass bluff, mounted his pony and rode off to spread the news of the steamer's arrival, which is quite an event in that isolated part of the province. We subsequently despatched one of the residents who came to call on the Duchess in search of pack and saddle horses, reconciling ourselves as best we could to a further delay of 24 hours till they could reach us, which we were able fortunately to divide between the adjacent country, over which we rambled for miles, and the hospitable steamer, as she did not leave till the following morning, having much freight to disembark upon the beach, where it was left in charge of the second officer, to be delivered when called for.

On Tuesday morning, August 31st, our three pack and two saddle horses arrived at eleven o'clock in charge of the Indian boy, who had been engaged to guide us to Cranbrooke. We were disappointed at having to accept a lad of 18 as a substitute for a man. He proved, however, so excellent a youth that our regret was promptly assuaged, and we soon realized with delight that it would be hard to improve upon him. The adult Indians are always much engaged at this season of the year salmon spearing in the Columbia river, to provide themselves with their winter supplies. No money would tempt them away from their favorite pursuit; hundreds of Kootenays come down from the interior of the district in the early autumn for this purpose, as the numbers we met with on our up country travels fully indicated.

My horse, which was sent me from Captain Armstrong's ranche at Windermere, proved to be a stout roan pony, about 13 hands high, and up to any weight, as he had never seen a habit. I jumped on his back while the other horses were being packed to try his paces and mettle over a clear bit of open glade near the river, and found him quiet as a lamb, with the peculiar lope or slow canter which is the characteristic of all western horses, a pace to which they are broken and can keep up all day, being remarkably easy both to themselves and riders. All these nags are, moreover, remarkable for their perfect mouths; they can be guided with the slightest pressure of either rein on the neck, or the least motion of the wrist, a mere turn of it seeming to affect their sensitive muscles. Most of the Indian women ride their ponies with a noose of rope through their mouths, while some even dispense with this, and direct their movements with a piece of stick applied to either side of the animal's neck, further controlling them with the voice alone, which would seem to testify to the intelligence and tractability of the much abused cayuse. Whatever his good qualities may be, he undoubtedly possesses some evil propensities when used as a pure and simple beast of burden. Proud he may be to bear the noble red man, but the sacks, packs and bundles of the white man he despises, developing in their transport an amount of cussedness which causes him to be designated as the meanest of created brutes; they will stray off the trails along which they are being driven single file and rush in among big trees and undergrowth, often tearing off the packs and scattering their contents right and left, and, knowing as they are, will suddenly and unexpectedly betray an amount of stupidity and obstinacy only to be equalled by the temperaments of pigs and sheep. The Indian pony or cayuse is redeemed of his bad points by being wonderfully sure-footed and capable of travelling day after day, over hundreds of miles, with enormous loads, feeding only on the native bunch grass of the Pacific Province, and never tasting corn or oats. Mules were at one time extensively used in packing, but they have now almost entirely disappeared from British Columbia and are costly and rare animals.

We took our departure from the Duchess soon after noon with many regrets and sorrowful farewells to her gallant captain and polite crew, and had two miles tedious riding along the edge of the grass benches on the east bank of the Columbia, the trail following the river as far as Lilacs, where it strikes inland. It was a very warm day, but the sun (fortunately for us) was obscured by a cloud of smoke hanging between earth and sky, which did not hide the scenery, but veiled it in a silver mist, and, combined

with the perfect silence of nature, lent a weird ideal beauty to the landscape. Dust was the great drawback to our expedition; it lay, not inches, but feet deep, along the trail; and on the face of the cliff, where there was no alternative but to follow the beaten track in single file, it was most oppressive. Our backs once turned upon the Columbia, however, we came upon an open grassy plain stretching away into dim distance, over which we cantered for some miles with much pleasure and appreciation. A suitable camping place presenting itself early in the afternoon at Wildermere, on the ranche of Mr. Aylmer (who was away from home), we decided to avail ourselves of a level sheltered spot, with abundance of wood and water in the immediate neighborhood; a halt was called and a general unsaddling and unpacking undertaken. We pitched our tent about 4 o'clock opposite a fine Rocky Mountain peak, just above a fine creek, which rushed noisily through a thickly wooded dell below us. It faced part of the main range, which seemed almost within a stone's throw, while behind us rose and fell grass benches dotted with groups of the everlasting conical evergreen. The horses, relieved of their heavy loads, were turned out to graze; and the evening meal, my first experience of camp cooking, was partaken of in the usual picnic fashion, in that uncomfortable sitting posture which civilized human nature abhors, especially when it has its inevitable association of plates on laps and knees and its deprivation of clean dishes and table napkins. Fortunately, I was hungry enough after my ride not to feel particularly dainty or discriminating, and to do ample justice to beans and bacon, washed down by tea in the cups. The repast concluded, and the days being short and the travellers weary, we retired, I to my first night under canvas. I found that a tent comfortably arranged by my husband's skilful hands was not an abode at all to be despised in favorable weather. At the same time I was distinctly conscious throughout the night of various mysterious and inexplicable noises which disturbed my rest with visions of prowling wild beasts.

Our Indian boy, Baptiste, did not turn up with the horses till nearly noon the next day, my husband having vainly scoured the neighborhood for him all the morning. He had requested permission the preceding evening to go salmon spearing in the Columbia, some ten miles off, promising to return at sunrise. We confiding, inexperienced tourists kindly consented, and I believe it is a fact worthy of record that he should have torn himself away from his fascinating amusement under 24 hours notice. It was 1 o'clock, consequently, before all the horses were packed and ready to start, though Baptiste was assisted by another lad, rejoicing in the name of Dave, a half-breed, whom he had engaged to assist him in his arduous duties.

A western camp outfit is certainly a novel and picturesque sight. First came two well-mounted riders, behind them three Indian ponies not twelve hands high, unbridled, bearing two packs slung on each side and on top of the pack saddles, and secured to them by yards of rope girthed round and round the poor animals, drawn and fastened tightly by extraordinary and incomprehensible diamonds and other hitches, warranted not to slip, slide, or give on the most serious provocation. The leader of the cayuses was decorated with a sonorous bell, and the band were driven along by our two juvenile Indians, attired in coats and trousers, riding sturdy little nags, with excellent Mexican saddles and bridles. The dust and noise made by the rear of our procession were so unpleasant we found it advisable to keep well ahead. We had now 7 horses in our outfit, and made quite an imposing party as we drew out in single file across the open country.

Count Tolstoi's home, Yasnaya Poliana, has long been a refuge for the homeless poor, where they are clothed and fed, and loaded with useful gifts. Its master's strong face is already quite familiar, through the various illustrated papers which have lately printed his portrait. A Russian newspaper, one of whose reporters recently called upon Tolstoi, writes that the great novelist now lives in a common country house, consisting of one immense room, and filled with all sorts of necessary articles, including libraries of useful books and manual tools. His children work in turn at the bench or at the desk. When the one quits his manual labour, the other leaves his intellectual task and takes his place.



CHILDREN'S QUESTIONS.—A child with an inquiring turn of mind often teaches its elders by means of the questions asked. It is not for us to inquire as to whence comes the intelligence that prompts inquiry. It is enough for our present purpose to know that inquiries are often made that confound the inquired of, and demand the exercise of thought and elements of study that might otherwise be left uncultivated. And what, pray, would a child be worth to itself or others, that never asked questions? Some of them may be hard to answer—but should they not, nevertheless, be answered?

DOX'T.—The fact that the kissing habit furnishes an easy vehicle for the dissemination of disease germs is of itself a sufficient reason for its abandonment. Many instances have been cited to demonstrate its dangerous character in this regard, and medical men have repeatedly sounded the warning against its continuance. A little thought will emphasize the point in the reader's mind. The woman who goes about kissing all her women friends and and their children, respecting whose hygienic conditions she has no knowledge, can hardly plead that the practice is innocent of danger.

THE LOGIC OF POLITENESS.—Some good people feel and express great contempt for the little requirements of behaviour that have grown up under what are known as the forms of good society and pertain variously to etiquette, good manners and good breeding, and denounce them as silly and foolish and even childish. But the true reason for the punctilios of etiquette is regard for others. St. Paul expressed the kernel of it when he said: "Wherefore if meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth." It is much easier and better for us to subscribe to and observe these little things, even when they appear to us unnecessary and even silly, than to go on in a course that we cannot help seeing is offensive to our friends and gives them pain without giving us any corresponding satisfaction, and finally makes us disliked or pitied.

IT WAS THE GIRL NOT THE GOLD.—Every jeweller has doubtless met with many curious incidents in his business career, but I think that a recent experience of mine is worth relating. Shortly after the holidays there came into my place a pleasant-mannered young man who expressed a desire to look at some gold necklaces. It is needless to say that I sold him one. It was 14 carats and very pretty. Two days later the door was flung open and in rushed the same young man, boiling with rage. He threw the necklace on the counter, demanded the return of his money, and threatened to expose me as a swindler. It took half an hour to learn his story. It seems that after presenting the necklace to his lady love he had taken her to a reception ornamented with his present. After the first dance there was a commotion in one corner of the room, and the rivals of our customer's best girl were tittering among themselves and whispering about her. The young lady looked in the glass and almost fainted at the sight. Her beautiful neck was almost black from the friction of the necklace. She changed her mind about fainting, returned home with her brother, and sent the necklace back to her young man with a note that she did not like his brass. I tested the necklace in his presence, and proved to him that it was full 14 carats. About that time a young physician called to purchase a scarf pin. He had overheard part of the story and asked to hear the balance, as he believed he could throw some light on the subject. Pretty soon he laughed outright and said: "Why, sir, the trouble is with your girl and not the necklace. She has too much sulphur, iron, mercury, salt, or acid in her blood, and as any of these substances has an affinity for gold the explanation is clear. I have patients for whom mercurial medicines have been prescribed, and the result is that their fingers upon which rings are worn discolour at once." My customer cooled off and carried his purchase away.—*Jeweller's Weekly.*

HUMOUROUS.

If the plural of goose is geese, the plural of moose should be meese; but every hunter who ever camped in Canadian woods knows that it isn't. Moose hasn't any plural. A fellow thinks himself lucky if he sees one.

ENFANT TERRIBLE: "Why have you gray hair, mamma?" Mamma: "Because you are such a naughty little girl." Enfant terrible: "Then how naughty you must have been, mamma! Grandmamma's hair is quite white."

JONES: "Are you going to Europe, Brown?" Brown: "Yes." Jones: "Take your wife with you?" Brown: "No. She is not very well, so I shall leave her at home." Jones: "What are you going over for?" Brown: "For my health."

TWO LADIES are conversing on the qualities and demerits of their own fair sex. Said one, with a twinkle of her beautiful blue eyes: "I have never known but two women who were really perfect." "Who was the other?" asked her companion, with a smile on her thin face.

"THE poet is born, sir," said a man, haughtily, as he received a scroll of manuscript from the editor, with a shake of the head. "Oh, is he?" replied the editor, with a pleasant smile. "Well, when he gets old enough to write something, tell him to come and see me. Good-by." And he resumed his labours,

OH, THE WRETCH.—"My darling, you do not bestow upon me so much affection as you did before we were married," remarked pouting bride of four years to her husband. "Don't I?" he replied. "No, Charles, you do not; you pay very little attention to me." "Well, my dear," observed the wicked husband, "did you ever see a man run after a street car after he had caught it?"

A BACHELOR minister living in a cosy manse in the "Garden of Scotland" was pleased the other day at dinner at seeing on his table nicely cooked chuckie. "Well, Janet," asked the minister, "where did you get this nice fowl?" "Oo, sir, it's yer ain beastie." Minister, looking astonished, "Eh, Janet, woman, why did you kill the cock?" "Well, sir, as it never laid any eggs, I thocht it wad be better to pit it oot o' the wey, an' so I thraved it's neck."

THE poet Whittier, although a very grave man, has a humorous impulse now and then. An instance of this appeared when a gentleman wrote to him, asking if he had a copy of the poem called "Maud Muller's Reply." His answer was as follows:

AMESBURY, 1 mo., 25, 1873. Dear Sir,—I never saw or heard of "Maud Muller's Reply." I am glad that the poor soul could speak for herself.—Thine truly,
JOHN G. WHITTIER.



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